

wicht with the rogues companie. If the rascall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, ile be hang'd. It could not be else, I haue drunke medicines, Poynes, Hal, a plague vpon you both, Bardoll, Peto, ile starue ere ile rob afoote further, and t'were not as good a deede as drinke to turne true-man, and to leaue these rogues; I am the veriest varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeades of vneuen ground is three-score and ten miles afoote with mee: and the stonie hearted villaines knowe it well enough, a plague vpon it when theeues can not be true one to another.

*They whistle.*

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue mee my horse, you rogues, giue me my horse, and be hang'd.

*Prin.* Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of traucellers.

*Fals.* Haue you any leauers to list me vp againe being downe? blood ile not beare mine owne flesh so farre afoote againe, for all the coine in thy fathers Exchequer: What a plague meane ye, to cole me thus?

*Prin.* Thou lyest, thou art not colted, thou art vncoltd.

*Fals.* I prethe good prince, Hal, helpe me to my horse, good kings sonne.

*Prin.* Out you rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

*Fals.* Hang thy selfe in thine owne heire apparant garters: if I be raine, ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cuppe of sacke be my poyson: when iest is so forward, and afoote too, I hate it.

*Enter Gadhill.*

*Gad.* Stand.

*Fals.* So I do against my will.

*Poi.* O't is our setter, I know his voyce, Bardoll, what newes?

*Bar.* Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards, there's money of the Kings comming downe the hill, t'is going to the Kings Exchequer.

*Fals.* You lie, ye rogue, t'is going to the kings Tauerne.

*Gad.* There's inough to make vs all:

*Fals.* To be hang'd.

*Prin.* Sirs, you foure shal front them in the narrow lane. Ned Poynes, and I will walke lower: if they scape from your councoun-

ter,

ten, then they light on vs.

*Peto.* How many be they of them?

*Gad.* Some eight, or ten.

*Fals.* Zoundes, will they not rob vs?

*Prince.* What, a coward, sir Iohn paunch?

*Fals.* In deed I am not Iohn of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

*Prince.* Well, we leaue that to the prooffe.

*Po.* Sirra, Iacke, thy horse standes behinde the hedge, when thou needst him, there thou shalt find him: farewel, & stand fast.

*Fals.* Now can not I strike him if I should be hang'd.

*Prin.* Ned, where are our disguises?

*Poi.* Here, hard by, stand close.

*Fals.* Now my matters, happy man be his dole, say I, euery man to his businesse.

*Enter the traucellers.*

*Trauel.* Come neighbour, the boy shall lead our horses downe the hill, wee le walke afoote awhile, and ease our legs.

*Theeues.* Stand.

*Trauel.* Iesus bleffe vs.

*Fals.* Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates: a horse on Catterpillers, Bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, sleece them.

*Tra.* O, we are vndone, both we and ours, for euer.

*Fal.* Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? no ye fatte chuffes, I would your store were here: on Bacons on, what yee knaues? yong men must liue, you are graunde iurers, are yee? wee le iure ye faith.

*Here they rob them, and bind them.*

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Prince and Poynes.*

*Prin.* The theeues haue bound the true men: now we coulde thou and I rob the theeues, and go merily to London, it woulde be argument for a weeke, laughter for a moneth, and a good iest for euer.

*Poynes.* Stand close, I heare them comming.

*Enter the theeues againe.*

*Fals.* Come, my masters, let vs share, and then to horse before day, and the Prince and Poynes bee not two arrant cowardes, there's no equitie stirring, ther's no more valour in that Poynes, then in a wilde ducke.

*Prin.*